ЯУТАЗА

ЯУТАЗА

Sylvia's Revenge,

OR A

SATYR

AGAINST

MAN,

IN

ANSWER

TO A

[illegible]

[illegible]

LONDON,

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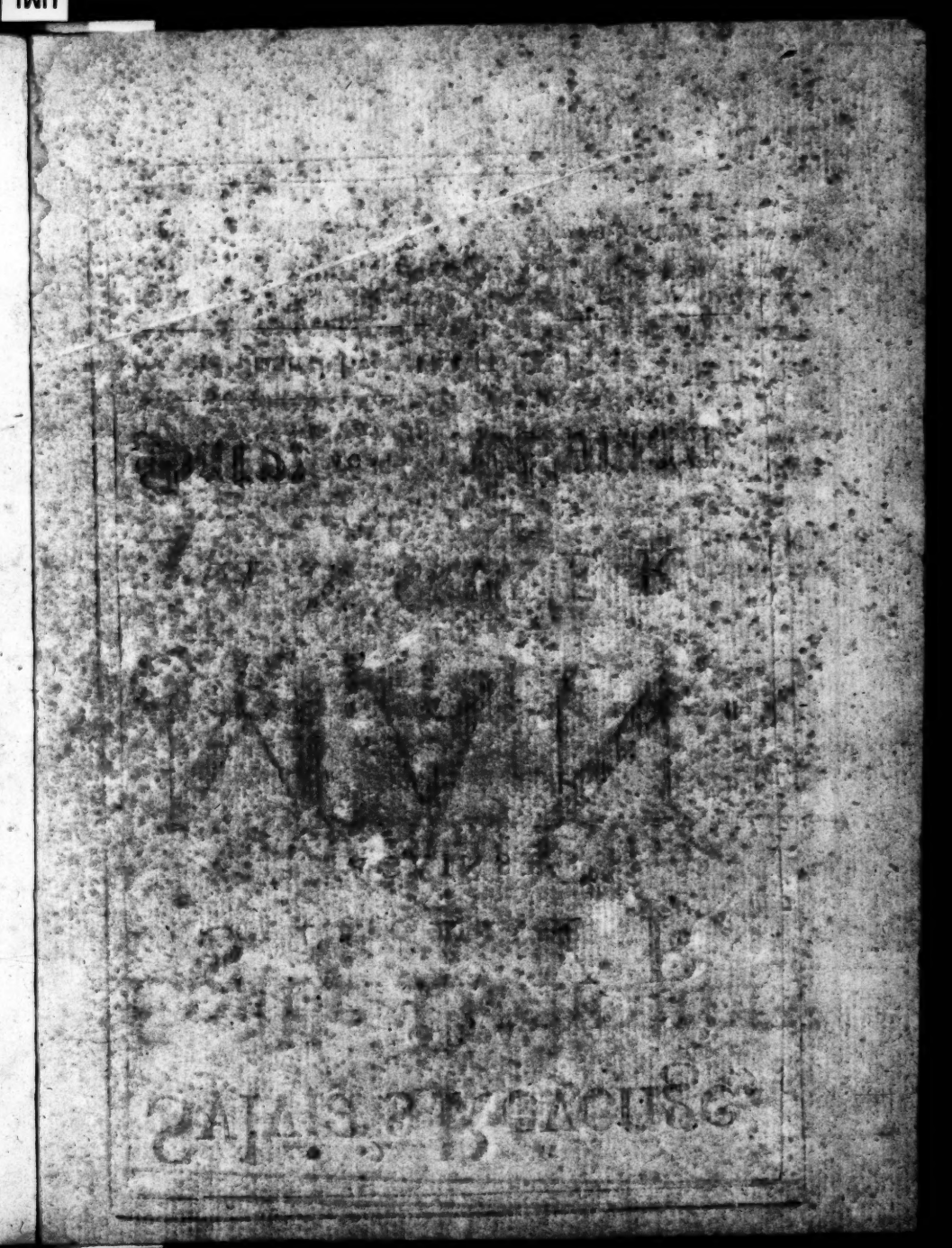

THE Epistle Dedicatory TO THOSE Snarling Currs IN THE CRITICKS.

AND why all this Noise and Splutter against the *Women*, Harmless Creatures! What have they done to deserve so many *Lampoons*, *Libels*, *Satyrs*? But methinks Gentlemen 'tis not fair Dealing to commit Acts of open Hostility before you Proclaim a War. And we know what Feats you brag have been done, by your little *Fire-ship*, call'd the *Satyr* against *Woman*: This Preface therefore is only to let you know, that we have rigg'd out a Female *Man* of *War* (if that been't Nonsence) with 30 Guns of a side, which Egad Gentlemen, (as Mr. *Bays* has it) we hope will maul you; and so much for that Point.

But

But Now----what now? why, it seems 'twas *Nero*, and not *Caligula*, that made such a *Wish* mentioned in page 2d. Why Gentlemen, I hope you'l excuse the want of Learning in a *Woman*; since upon my word, I never read *Suetonius* nor *Tranquillus*, for you all know, That a Box of *Marmalade*, *Culpeppers Midwifery*, a Prayer-Book, and two or three Plays, is all the Furniture of a *Womans* Study.

If any of the Characters suite with some Persons to to me unknown; I solemnly profess, there is not one of them level'd against any person whatsover, but a Skilful Painter may by the strength of Fancy, draw a Face representing some body, tho' no body sat for the *Picture*.

Madam,

Madam,

TH' Invaſion firſt with fierce Aſſaults began,
And ſcatter'd wild Diſorder as it ran,
It was a War betwixt our Sex *and* Man.
With haughty Pride the bold Tryumphers boaſt,
And Cry the weaker Veſſel's ſunk and loſt;
Trophies along the gaudy Strand *diſplay'd,*
And never ſuch Inſulting Peans made.
Yet true it is, without a bluſh we own,
Our Force in part was ſcatter'd and o'rethrown:
With fright Surpris'd we knew not then the Foe,
With Noiſe they hurry'd on, and flaſh't with ſhow;
Yet ſtill unmov'd our Body *did remain,*
They only took ſome Straglers on the plain.
To you the News with winged-haſt we bore,
You Smil'd, and bid us ſtand, and ſaid no more.
Long you delay'd indeed to aid us there,
And they miſtook your Scorn of them, for fear.
You ſent one Muſe *to View their Strength, ſhe came*
And told you 'twas but Noiſe and babling Fame.
Unguarded, and how looſe the Forces lay,
And would you then advance you'd win the Day.
With this alarm'd your God-like-Genius roſe,
Lord! how agaſt appear'd your frighted Foes?
At your approach, foil'd and diſarm'd they yield,
And ſcatter ſtrange Confuſion o're the Field.
With Numbers ſweetly rank't you brought us aid,
And ſhew you can defend us and invade:
Submiſſive at your Feet their General Craves,
And you at Pleaſure wound the baſſl'd Slaves.

M. P.

1

A SATYR AGAINST MAN.

THen muſt it thus, *Ye Heavens* for ever be,
Will no kind *Fate* our *Sex* from *Cenſure* free?
Muſt ill-bred *Satyrs* chaſe us through the World,
And ſhall no Thunder at the *Slaves* be hurl'd?
Ye Gods! how long ſhall injur'd *Virtue* groan?
How long ſhall *Innocence* be trampl'd on?
Shall a bold Scribling *Fop* whoſe Head contains,
A Thouſand *Maggots* for One Dream of *Brains*,
In *Doggrel* Rime, and much more *Doggrel* Senſe,
Vomit *ſix Pen'worth* of *Impertinence*;
Thruſt it abroad, and in a *Stile* not common,
Call it forſooth ---- *A Satyr againſt Woman*?
A pretty Title ----- ſure the Book muſt ſell,
Cries a *Clapt-Spark*, and likes it wondrous well,
Another Laughs, and *Snuffling* in the Noſe,
E'gad (*ſays he*) the Subject's rarely choſe;
A third, ---- but hold, the *Slaves* I muſt Ingage,
Inſpire me *Juno* with a *Womans* Rage,

A Rage like that, when you by Spyes were told,
How finely *Jupiter* intreagu'd with *Gold*;
Or when the ſhape of *Bull* and *Swan* put on,
To get ſome Mortal *Maiden-Head* was gon:
Aſſiſt dear *Goddeſs*, teach me how to write,
Inform my *Satyr* when, and where to bite,
That all the Race of lewd inconſtant *Men*,
May curſe the time they rous'd a *Womans* Pen,
'Tis done,---- a glowing heat my Breaſt inſpires,
Revenge inflames me with its eager fires;
Oh were the Race of *Mankind* in my Power,
By all my Hopes, they ſhould not live an hour,
By Heaven *Caligula*, 'twas bravely done,
To wiſh all Necks in *Rome* were ſhrunk to one,
That at one blow they might receive their Fate.
Yet *Cæſar*, you were moderate in your hate,
A part of *Mankind*, at your rage would fall,
But mine, (*would Heaven would grant it*) flies at all.
Fear not my *Muſe* the *Monſter* to engage,
But ſlight the paſſes of a *Scribler's* Rage,
What tho' he ſtruts in big affected Notes,
You know the *Muſes* ſtill wear Petticoats,
Thoſe *Darling Shees*, their *Sexes* Cauſe will own,
Shall *Angel-Woman*, be by *Man* o'rethrown?
-----*Man* the ignoble word of Tell-tale-fame,
My Paper bliſters as I write the Name,
Man, muſt I then the hated Name rehearſe,
Lord! how it ſtains my Ink and ſpoils my Verſe,
Man, by ſome angry God in paſſion hurl'd
Down, as a Plague to vex the *Female* World.

A Spirit of Air and Flame may be withſtood,
But who can ſhun a *Devil* of fleſh and blood?
Man! hold my *Muſe*, thy Epithets give o're,
A Nobler Task will ſoon employ thy Store.
Expoſe the Wretch in all his vicious Shapes,
Trace him through all Diſguiſes, all Eſcapes.
For tho' his Vices are become his Trade,
Yet Vice will ſometimes Act in Maſquerade.
Let no fond pity thy reſentments ſpare,
Let nought of *Woman* make the Laſh forbare;
Let him be *Fop*, *Pimp*, *Cully*, *Fool*, or *Knave*,
Laſh till he fly for ſhelter to the Grave:
That undeluded Females may be ſhown,
What a choice Creature 'tis they dote upon.
Nature has ſcarce wrote *Man* upon his Chin;
But ſtrait to Love the Stripling does begin.
Tho' what it is he underſtands no more,
Then *Sailors* did the *Compaſs* heretofore.
Whether the *Play-houſe*, *Church*, or *Boarding-School*,
Did with a *Miſtreſs* furniſh the young *Fool*,
We cannot tell---but one at laſt is found,
Whoſe Charms the Heart of young *Philander* wound;
The Trifle humbly at her Feet he lays,
And as the Way of Courtſhip now a days:
Some *Preſent*----for a Bribe does ſlyly uſe,
So by a Gift---his want of Gifts excuſe;
And that his Plots be more ſecurely laid,
He gets an Intereſt in the *Chamber-maid*:
But if from's Vows ſhe turns her Scornful Eyes,
And with diſdain his formal Courtſhip ſlyes;

A Lunatick transform'd he then diſpairs,
Looks wild, ſtorms, rages, and devoutly ſwears,
That if his *Sylvia* ſends another Frown,
Himſelf, himſelf, the Wretch himſelf will drown
Before th' arrival of the next days Sun,
And the next Tavern ſees the *Buſineſs* done.
Follow my *Muſe*, you may if not too Clamorous,
In a *Red-Sea* of *Claret* find *Sr. Amorous*.
Where powerful Love, yields to more powerful *Wine*,
And prompts his Fancy to ſome new Deſign:
His former *Miſtreſs* like a Caſt-off-*Suit*,
Thrown by ------ another does his Heart recruit,
To whom obliging Nature has been kind,
In all the Gifts of *Body* and of *Mind*,
Nor muſt her Fortune be forgot behind;

With her he uſes all the little Arts,
Invented to ſurprize unguarded Hearts.
No Treats are wanting that may bribe her Senſe,
And to her Heart convey ſoft Love from thence.
To Balls and Plays ſhe's daily uſher'd in,
Tell me St. *Jame's Park* how oft you've ſeen;
The perjur'd Wretch conduct her through the *Grove*,
And whiſper Tales of his pretended Love.
How oft he kiſt her hand, and ſoftly ſwore,
That ſhe, and none but ſhe he could adore,
When the ſame time he Ogl'd at a Whore.

His vig'rous Courtſhip overcomes the *Fair*,
She can no longer ſuch brisk Sallyes bear.
With bluſhes which too well the Heart diſcover,
The cred'lous *Phillis* owns her ſelf a Lover.

Which

Which mighty Secret when the *Wretch* has known,
Retires, and all his Paſſion does diſown.
Diſown't ſaid I? ----- Ah certainly he'd none;

And 'tis a part of his Diverſion made,
To tell the World how th' *Fair One* was betray'd,
Your *Thunder-Gods*! to ſtrike the Villain dead.

O could my *Pen* dart *Lightning* at the Slave,
A fate deſerv'd his Perjuries ſhould have:
But a Curſt Impotence attends me ſtill,
And Men muſt for the Deed accept the Will;
But yet to ſhow how far a Womans Paſſion
Exceeds that modiſh *Raillery* now in faſhion.
For once let cheated *Ariadne* ſpeak,
And if you any ſenſe of Shame partake:
Know perjur'd *Men*, 'twill make your Hearts to ake.
And will oblige our injur'd Sex to know it,
The Story's true, no Matter who's the Poet.
When *Theſius* falſe by nnexpected Theft,
Had *Adriadne* on black *Naxos* left,
By him and his kind Sex expos'd a Prey
To *Wolves* and *Tygers* milder *Beaſts* than they,
Long her low Love and Natures ſervile Chain,
Her juſt, her pious Curſes did reſtrain:
But when far off his Perjur'd Gally flyes,
And riſing Mountains ſcreen her following *Eyes*.
All *Women* in her's baniſh't by diſpair,
Leaving a brave dreadful *Angel* there;
Thus did She all his treacherous Sex ingage,
And thus curſt on, inſpir'd with heav'nly Rage.
Fly Villain, Monſter, Traytor, if I can,
I'll call thee more than all, I'll call thee *Man*.

Man

Man----Natures bluſh medly of luſt and *Blood*,
All *Man*----degen'rate from thy native Mudd,
Pure ſedement of *Chaos*, *Devil* all o're.
Thy ſelf, thy ſelf, what need I call thee more;
Perjur'd and treach'rous, Monſtrous, and ingrate,
Deadly's your Love, more deadly than your Hate.
Your charming *Eyes* are thoſe which have betray'd,
A tame, an eaſie, fond believing *Maid*.
Find me one Wretch in all your helliſh-bands,
Whoſe Tongue han't done more Murders than his Hands.
Crocadile are your tears, Sly ſilent lyes,
Hyena's Voice, and *Cockatrices Eyes*,
Angels before you've cheated us, and then,
The Cloven-foot peeps out, and you'r all *Devils* agen.
When I my own weak Soul and *Sex* review,
I hate my ſelf and them as much as you.
Why has black Deſtiny oblig'd us thus,
To dote upon a Mortal-*Incubus*,
Oh that I could on the tame fools prevail,
We'd Dye to make their viprous off-ſpring fail.
'Twould be but one curſt Age before they fell,
And moulder'd back into their native *Hell*.
By Heaven, 'twas nobly wiſht and bravely thought,
Were all our *Sex* with ſuch intentions fraught.
Hell would not long the treacherous Vermine ſpare,
For ſlighted Love who can with patience bear?
And tho' our *Spark* was Perjur'd once before,
He'l tick with *Hell* for one falſe Promiſe more,
And a whole Race of feigned Vows run o're.
No *Woman* ſhall monopoliſe his Heart,
But every *Female* ſhall pretend a part. Incon-

Inconſtancy the Practic'd Vice of th'Age,
Makes him all *Women* that he ſees engage.
One *Woman* takes him with her charming Air,
'Tis 'cauſe ſhe's *Black*, the other 'cauſe ſhe's *Fair*.
Now now he dyes for *Sylvias Charming Eyes*,
Till *Cælia's* Singing, did his Soul ſurprize;
His *trifling* heart ſhe for a while poſſeſt,
Till 'twas remov'd to *Roſalinda's* Breaſt:
She could not long of her new Treaſure boaſt,
The Skittiſh thing ſoon took another Poſt.
Octavia next would the Gay *Bubble* claim,
But ſtill for *Daphne* he'd a greater flame;
For her he languiſht in ſoft fond deſire,
Till *Florimena* ſet his Heart on fire.
A while indeed he revel'd in her Arms,
But ſoon was captiv'd with *Almeria's Charms*:
For full ſix hours ſhe held her *Aiery* Lover,
Till *Arrabella* did new Charms diſcover:
Her welcome Gueſt ſhe did not long enjoy,
But *Lydia* was preſented with the *Toy*;
And tho' ſhe'd Magick that might cauſe it's ſtay,
Yet *Clariſtella* becond it away:
In two hours time the inclination fled,
And *Belvedira* reigned in her ſtead;
As Miſtriſs long ſhe had not bore Command,
But th' Scepter was reſign'd to *Flora's* hand
Falſe as the Wind, inconſtant as the Weather,
It ran away from her the Lord knows whether.
His Love thus in various Channels cut,
Bold Luſt flows in, as faſt as Love ebbs out.

Luſt

Luſt, like a Feind his Soul does haunt and vex,
Luſt, the Familiar *Divel* of the Sex;
All ſenſe of Reputation once abhorring,
He liſt's himſelf a Proſelyte for Whoring.
Whoring ----- what pleaſures does the ſound afford?
Whoring, that lovely fine delicious Word.
A Vertuous Woman's troubled with ill Nature,
But yet a Whore's a moſt obliging Creature:
With her he all his broken Vows repeats,
With her he values no expence in Treats.
What ever her fond Appetite can crave,
'Tis but to ask, and ſhe as ſoon ſhall have.
The *Park* and *Play-houſe* ſee 'em ſtill together,
And he's her *Cully* for all ſorts Weather;
And tho' ſome years before the *Nothing* fled,
Yet he'll be thought to have her *Maiden-head.*
A vicious conſtancy he now will own,
And is not weary of her Service grown;
While in her La, th' inchanted Cocks-comb roks,
She lovingly requites him with a *P* -----
But hold a while m' unwary head-ſtrong Muſe,
In taxing *Men* I my one Sex Accuſe.
The Dart which at the other Sex was thrown,
Recoils with all it's force upon our own:
And while the *Cully* I would fain explore,
In lively Colours I diſplay the *Whore.*
Like *Sampſon's Foxes* tail to tail they'r ty'd,
And who the Loving couple would divide?
Yet this for *Jilts* muſt in excuſe be ſaid,
'Twas falſe, baſe treach'rous *Man* that them betray'd.

And

And if some Hellish arts and tricks they know,
To you kind Men, they all their Knowledge owe,
They were not Devils till you made 'em so.

From *Fluxing* or from private *Hot-house* come,
For our last mentioned *Cully* make some Room.
Who tho' severely chastened for his Sins,
His much lov'd trade of Whoring soon begins.
So Flud-gates which have long stopt water-course,
When opened make it fly with greater force.
Not virtuous Ladies in his Lust he'd spare,
Did not their Frowns make the bold Wretch forbear.
His Lust all manner of distinction Dam's,
'Twixt *Country-nut-brown*, or fine *Court Madams*.
Ugly or *handsome*, *fair*, *black*, *brown*, or *yellow*,
Tall, *short*, *fat*, *lean*, he swears she's not her fellow.
Abroad he fastens upon all he meets,
The Sexes common *Scare-crow* in the Streets.
Where Widdows, Wives, and Maids, he boldly seizes,
Ones Breast, and t'others Hand he rudely squeezes.
But if he finds 'em civil or not right,
Dam 'em, says he, they're Virtuous out of spite.
He roves not long till some kind *Jenny* pass,
And she with him takes one refreshing Glass.
Some paultry *Chink* to tempt her he'l expose,
And she on him a swinging *Clap* bestows.
Who in few days finding his old Guest come;
At some *Quack-Doctors* takes a private Room.
The *Quacks* those lewd Impostors of the time,
Fam'd for their *Pills*, their *Spirits*, and their *Rhimes*.

With promis'd hopes, expecting Fops betray,
And send them more Diſtemper'd thence away,
Cull'd of their Health, and cheated of their Pay.
Death through the Town is ſcatter'd in their Bills,
And Execution ſwallow'd with their *Pills*.
'Twould blaſt a modeſt Muſe t'approach too near,
A Dire Infection ſtains the neighbouring Air.
Here draw the Veil and let the Wretches lie,
Curſing the effects of their baſe Leachery.

What Gaudy thing from *China* or *Japan*,
Is this appears?--- it cannot ſure be Man.
And yet it talks, and looks, and walks like one,
Of thoſe we call the modiſh Sparks o'th Town.
Man's the leaſt part about him that appears,
Sure he was got between ſome *Taylor's* Shears.
Oh what a breadth, what mighty Port he bears;
A dozen Farms upon his back he wears.
Poynt *de venee* muſt now adorn his Knees;
Whoſe Anceſtors wore nought but homely Frieze.
In a long *Wigg* muſt our Sr. *Tundry* ſtrut;
Whoſe Father wore the old *Geneva*-cut.
Dreſſing himſelf till noon the Fop muſt be,
The *Royal Sovereigns* ſooner rigg'd than he.
Each day he ſpends ſome hours before the Glaſs,
To make himſelf a moſt accompliſht *Aſs*.
Studies new Smiles and Cringes when alone,
And practices abroad what there was done;
Pride is the *Miſtriſs* he does hourly ſerve,
His Ear is bor'd and he muſt never ſwerve:

Pride

Pride, which to learn the *Women* but begin,
In *Men* is grown a most habitual Sin.
Along the *Park* methinks I see him pass,
With formal steps he traverses the Grass;
If any *Ladies* Eyes but toward him move,
He thinks, (*Vain Fool,*) that they're with him in Love.
But if th' advance, and to him come but nigh,
He gives 'em the kind squint and passes by;
Indeed he does it most Judiciously.
Then *Spanish Snuff*, to *Modish Nose* is put,
At which Perfum'd *Handkerchief*s drawn out;
T'adjust some bold disorder in the Face,
And put the *Chin-patch* in its proper place.
Then hum's a Tune and passing through the Streets
With his dear Friend, the brisk Sr. *Fopling* meets;
With open Arms they 'mbrace--Dear *Jack* how is't?
Welcome from *France*, and then I think they kist.
What news from *Paris*, are the *Ladies* fine,
Shall we at *Lockets Ordinary Dine*.
What Novels, Songs, or Fashions hast brought over,
Are th' *Ladies* Kind, I prithee *Jack* discover?
And thus does more Impertinence run threw,
Then ever Gossips at a *Christning* knew.

Nay--tis not all his Huffing shall excuse,
The *Bully* from the lash of angry *Muse*;
Bully how great i'th' Mouth the *Accent* sounds;
Bully who nothing breaths but *Bl--d* and *W--nds*?
Some *Divel* did sure on Nature act a Rape,
And his own likeness get in humane shape;

More Oaths and Curses not the Damned Vent,
Than from the *Bullies Brimstone-Lungs* are sent.
The *Divel* himself is all amaz'd to see,
A Wretch more impiously bold than he;
Hee for one daring Act was sent to *Hell*,
But th'others loud G---d D---me's who can tell?
Like *Tom a Bedlam* he invades the Streets,
And Quarrels, Huffs, and Fights with all he meets.
But if that one whose valour scorns to stoop,
To Noise and Nonsense, take the Villain up;
And satisfaction for th' Affront demand,
Sr. *Fright-all* lowers his *Top-sail* to your hand.
Your Pardon Sr. says he, I must request,
By *G---I* thought you'd understood a jest,
His Bilboe sheath'd he decently retires,
Tutor to young raw *Fops* and Country *Squires*.

Would you my *Muse* of *Hell* the Picture view,
And what distracted Looks the *Damned* shew;
Go to some Gaming-Ordinary where,
Shamwell and *Cheatly* and such Rooks repair,
To sharp the Citty-*Prigg* or Country-*Heir*
Oaths loud as Thunder, shake the trembling room,
And pointed Curses sign each others Doom.
The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and all the Ills that fall,
On wretched Mortals on themselves they call;
While they by the uncertain chance of *Dice*,
Loose Mannours, Lands, and Lordships in a trice.
And what Old *Gripe-well*, Scores of years was getting,
Is lost at *Hazard* in an hours sitting.

The

The loss of *Guiana* proves the loss of sense,
For against Chance how can there be Defence.
Anger, Dispair and Fury fill the Face;
And *Passion* justles *Reason* out of Place.
At last a Wretch with whom the *Furies* dwell,
Is by a fatal thrust dismist to Hell.
T'inform old *Nick*, that all the rest agree,
Shortly to come and bear him Company.

The keeping Spark should next have been expos'd,
But that's a Text has one great *Poet* pos'd,
A *Satyr* cannot fright him into shame,
Whose Presence damn'd the well-wrote *Limber-hame*.
I might have told what Arts and Tricks are laid,
T'insnare the virtuous young unthinking Maid.
What sly decoys are us'd t'intrap the Fair;
What trusty Pimp did in the Office share.
What Revrend *Bands* made use of to entice,
The Fair One's liking of that modish Vice:
How she at last is guided to his Arms;
Where Victor like he triumphs in her Charms.
How long she does the Airy Title hold;
And how her Joys are scarce a Twelvemonth old,
Before kind *Keeper* takes another Miss;
But sad experience knows too much of this.

My Task were endless, I should never stop;
Were I oblig'd t'expose each sort of *Fop*.
The rambling *Fop* from *France* but newly come,
That went out sound and brought Diseases home.

The

The squeamish *Fop* so nice in all things grown,
Sr. *Courtly* has his fellow *Fools* in Town.
The *Lazy Fop* that lyes a Bed till Noon,
And wonders how he chanc'd to rise so soon:
The *Fop* which does to busines make pretence,
Yet never guilty known of two much Sense;
The Citty *Fop* that modish would appear,
And puts on Sword and Wigg at *Temple-barr*.
The cringing *Fop* that does to all Men bow;
The sharping *Fop*, that lives the Lord knows how.
The noisie *Fop* would talk a Man to death,
The swearing *Fop*, that lives on perjur'd Breath:
But hold---I might as well attempt to show
What various Weeds on Banks of *Nile* grow:
What sorts of Monsters *Affrick* Desarts bear,
As tell how many sorts of *Fops* there are;
We need not long be puzzld how to call Men,
For *Fop* is grown a common Name for all Men.

Forgetful *Muse*, that 'mongst the Slaves that vex,
And daily torture our too harmless Sex,
You should forget that hateful Plague of Life,
Husband, *the Constant Jaylor of a Wife*;
Husband---the curst allotment of our Fate,
Husband the thing, that of all things we hate;
Fops plague us but by turns, and then they've done,
But *Husband*'s Plagues are ever but begun;
And tho' each Day, we wish the Slav'ry done,
We find our Chains as constant as the Sun.

If

If *Jealousie*, that Maggot of the Pate,
Possess the *Sot*, how violent is his Hate?
What curst Suspicions haunt his tortur'd Mind,
And make him look, for what he would not find?
To'th' *Looking-Glass* he dare not cast an Eye,
For fear he should his *fine-brow antlers* Spy.
Nothing but Females must 'ith' house appear,
And not a *Dog* or *Cat* that's Male be there:
Nay least th'unhappy *Wife* should have her Longings.
He cuts out all the Men i'th' *Tapstry-Hangings*.
If but a harmless Letter to her's sent,
He'll make it own worse Sense than e're it meant,
And e're the Letter from his hands be cast,
He'll make it speak some deadly Crime at last.
In a curst Garret cloyster'd up for Life,
Lives *Female-Innocence* miscall'd a Wife.
Deny'd those Pleasures are to Virtue granted,
Yet by the *Divel* of a *Husband* haunted.
For a Release, she cannot hope nor pray,
Till milder Death take him, or her away.
If her she's happy---and if him she's blest;
Till to her Arms she take a second Guest:
But where's a Woman of all Sense so void?
Won't shun---
That Gulph wherein she'd like t've been destroy'd.

If Beauty, Wit, or Complaisance could do?
Her's Woman that can all these Wonders shew;

Beauty

Beauty that might new Fire to *Hermits* lend,
And Wit which serves that Beauty to defend.
When courted, she did Wonders with her *Charms*,
Till *Parson* conjur'd her to *Husband* Arms.
And tho' the same Perfections still remain,
Yet nothing now can the Dull Creature gain;
No looks can win him, nor no smiles invite;
The Wretch does her, and her Endearments slight:
And leaves those Graces which he should adore,
To dote upon some ugly *Suburb Whore*;
While poor neglected Spouse remains at home,
With discontent and Sorrow overcome.
No Prayers nor Tears, nor all the Vertuous Arts,
Which Women use to tame Rebellious Hearts:
Can the Incorrigible Husband move,
And make him own his once so promis'd Love.
Consider, Lord! 'twill make his Head grow giddy,
He says he is not yet for *Bedlam* ready:
But the next time that you thro' *Ludgate* pass,
Through Grates you'll see the loving *Spend-All*'s Face;
And 'twill some Pleasure be the *Wretch* to view,
Angling for single Money in a Show.

Tell me you grave Disputers of the Schools,
You Learned *Cocks-Combs*, and you well-read *Fools*:
You that have told us *Man* must be our *Head*;
And made Dame Nature *Pimp* to what you've said.
Tell me when *Husband* drencht in *Clarret* reels,
And slips by the Motion of his treach'rous *Heels*,

That

That *Head* he has we all confeſs and own,
But what's the Head, when once the Senſe is gon?

Oh! ſhe's a happy, too too happy Bride,
That has a *Husband* Snoring by her ſide:
Belching out *Fumes* of undigeſted *Wine*,
And lyes all night like a good natur'd *Swine*:
Whoſe Snoring ſerves for Muſick to her Ears;
And keeps true Conſort with her ſilent Tears:
That can himſelf no more than *Chaos* move,
And ſtill neglects the great Affair of *Love*.
She may indeed aſſume the Name of *Wife*,
But others know ſhe's but a *Nurſe* for *Life*.

A Drunken *Husband* may pretend good Nature:
But here's a *Sullen Matrimonial Creature*;
Will, and will not, will ask, and will deny;
Is peeviſh, Croſs, and cannot tell for why.
Not one kind look he will to Spouſe afford,
Not one kind Smile, perhaps not one kind Word.
All the obliging Arts that ſhe can uſe,
To reconcile this angry peviſh Spouſe;
Avail no more, than if ſhe took delight,
In waſhing Bricks, or ſwarthy *Negro's* white.
Lyons and *Tygers* Men have learnt to tame,
Retaining nothing frightful but their Name:
With low ſubmiſſion have their Keepers own'd,
And trembled when their Maſters have but frown'd.
But *Man*, unruly *Man*, that Beaſt of Reaſon,
'Gainſt Woman ſtill continues in his Treaſon;

No Charms his damn'd ill-nature can releafe,
Satan, muft only *Satan* Difpofefs.

Are thefe ye *Gods*, the *Sovraigns* we muft own?
Muft we before thefe golden Calves bow down?
Forgive us Heaven if we renounce the Elves,
We'll make a Comthon-Wealth among our felves:
Where by the Laws, that we fhall then Ordain,
We'll make it Capital to mention *Man*.
Man, we'll for ever banifh from our fight,
Not talk by day, nor think of them by night:
We'll fhun their Courtfhip, as we'd do the Plague,
And loath 'em more, than they a toothlefs Hagg.
'Tis not their Sighs, their Cringeing nor their Prayers,
Their fupple Whinings, nor their treacherous Tears:
That fhall one kind Return forever gain;
But when t'oblige us they've done all they can.
We'l laugh, deride, and fcorn the *Foppifh* Sex;
And wrack Invention for new Ways to vex.
Till they to fhun us prompted by Diſpair;
Or drown themfelves, or Hang in cleanly Air.
Thus when to Hell by Shoals the *Men* are hurl'd,
Women will Reign as Monarchs of the World.

But if amongft us there fhould chance to be,
One filly fond regardlefs foolifh *She*:
That fpight of all our *Edicts* will maintain,
A League with that deteſted Creature *Man*:
Good Counfel firft fhall ſtrive to bring her off;
But if the Fool will that good method ſcoff;

We'll

We'll try what next our heavy Threatnings do;
But her Curſt Treaſons, if ſhe ſtill purſue.
If ſhe the freedom of her Sex will leave,
And love a Wretch ſhe knows that will deceive?
From pitty we'll exempt the Female Sot;
That wretched thing, a *Husband* be her Lot.
Jealous by Day, and Impotent by Night;
Have neither ſhape nor Mein to pleaſe the ſight.
Diſeas'd in *Body* and Deform'd in Soul,
Conceited, Proud, yet all the while a Fool.
Poor to a Proverb, Lazy, yet as Poor,
And ſtill want Credit for to run on Score.
May ſhe with him ſpin out a tedious Life;
Bleſt with that much admir'd Title *Wife*.
And may no *Female* better *Fate* partake,
That dares profain, the wholſom *Laws* we make.

FINIS.